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The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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THE TWO WORLDS.

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain,
Whose magic joys we shall not see again:
Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore.
Ah, truly breathed we there
Intoxicating air—
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath
Whose love has yielded since to change or death;
The mother kissed her child whose days are o'er.
Alas! too soon have fled
The irreclaimable dead:
We see them—visions strange—amid the Nevermore.

The merry song some maiden used to sing—
The brown, brown hair that once was wont to cling
To temples long clay-cold: to the very core
They strike our weary hearts,
As some vexed memory starts
From that long-faded land—the realm of Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there. But here
Sadly we may remember rivers clear,
And harebells quivering on the meadow-floor.
For brighter bells and bluer,
For tenderer hearts and truer,
People that happy land—the realm of Nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land
We, pilgrims of eternal sorrow, stand:
What realm lies forward, with its happier store
Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful? 'Tis the land of Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem—
Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—
Its woods, unruffled by the wild winds' roar:
Yet does the turbulent surge
Howl on its very verge.
One moment—and we breathe within the Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago,
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe—
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet carollings soar.
Eternal peace have they:
God wipes their tears away:
They drink the river of life which flows for Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim,
But lo! the wide wings of the Seraphim
Shine in the sunset! On that joyous shore
Our lightened hearts shall know
The life of long ago:
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for Evermore.

—*Dublin University Magazine, in "Hymns of the Ages."*

A GOOD FRIDAY SERMON.

To-day's history, my friends, is well known to us all, and in every respect must appear to us grand and sublime. As we linger upon the event itself and all its circumstances, various thoughts and sensations succeed each other,—thoughts of what man can be under divine assistance, and the depth of evil into which it is possible for him to sink. How much more are we moved when we see its

purpose and its attainment, when we look upon its great influence in the progress of the race of man! Then do all thoughts unite in the one exclamation, "Let us love Jesus, for he first loved us"; all sensations mingle in the feeling, "Let us thank him, for he hath done great things for us." Let us now occupy ourselves in an encouragement to true and cordial thankfulness for this death of Jesus Christ, that has brought us our salvation.

The apostle gave this precept to the community at Corinth on an occasion when he saw himself compelled to impart to them some advice on the right use and the objects of the Lord's Supper. This day itself is devoted to recalling the death of Jesus, and awakens in us similar sensations. We would to-day animate ourselves *to show forth his* death in our *gratitude* to Jesus. We will first inquire what we mean by this *showing* forth, and, secondly, prove that this is the truest and best expression of our feeling of gratitude.

I. This showing forth of the death of Jesus we cannot limit by applying it merely to the teachers of religion, for in this sense the apostle would not have required it of all Christians. Rather ought any one who wishes to show himself grateful to the love of Christ take this office upon himself. And the office is not merely to show forth what the death of Jesus has done or can do for mankind, but what its fruits have been for *each one* of us, what influence they have had upon our own souls, how far we have sought counsel and consolation in them, and how much we depend upon their salutary power in the future.

Firstly. It becomes us that we should not *be ashamed* of the religion of Jesus, that he has established, and has sealed by his death. I will not venture to picture that we live in a time when the general feeling more and more slights Christianity or treats it with contempt. This sad thought shall not disturb us in this hour of grateful devotion. I will only dwell upon that which always has been, and always will be, true. We daily acknowledge ourselves Christians; and for this no one finds fault with us, for most despisers of Jesus do the same. But, as soon as any one shows that his Christianity dwells not only upon his lips and in mere outward services, but is a concern weighing upon his heart, there are not wanting those who, with a pitying curiosity, ask, as did the maid-servant of Peter: "Art thou, too, one of them? Dost thou, too, follow Jesus of Galilee?" Whoever, then, is in the condition of Peter, and can say, "No, truly, I know not the man," shrinks from his holy duty of showing forth the death of Jesus. And yet this is all too common. Who does not willingly avoid every opportunity of being questioned by those differing in opinion of his most intimate convictions? Who does not, in the presence of men, willingly show himself dependent alone on his own reason and his own heart, although he is all the time conscious that he is first of all indebted to the wholesome teachings of Jesus?

Suppose that you should be surprised in one of those rare moments, which are therefore most blessed, when not only the lips pray, when not only the understanding brings together a few spiritual thoughts or the heart stammers out a few devotional wishes, but when the whole soul is taken up with God; when we are filled with a living conviction and hope, whose permanence we would pray for as the most precious of treasures; when from the heart we vow ourselves to a never-ceasing imitation of Christ, for whose sake, in this moment at least, we feel ourselves strong enough to accept the most bitter of sorrows (I cease to paint what I mean: every Christian must recognize it from his experience),—suppose yourself surprised in this moment, with the expression of the deepest feeling in your whole bearing, and were asked, "Friend, what moves you? what are you doing?" Should you not timidly avoid the answer? Should you not disown your emotion? It is true we should not wear our religion for a show, nor pour out the heart's secrets before those who do not understand them, but far from us be any timid fear of men. Could we deny the benefits of him who gave himself for us? Wherefore not acknowledge, "Yes, I follow this Jesus: I ground upon him my hope, my conviction, my repose"? Why not acknowledge, "That moment in which you just now found me was, indeed, a time of the most blessed and salutary emotion that religion ever vouchsafes us"? Thus is Christ shown forth by us, as far as he can be comprehended by men. Then we need not be terrified by the words, "Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven; for where my teaching and my love has not developed a sincere and genuine nature and true courage, there it has availed nothing, there is the soul a stranger to me."

But, if men do not ask after the grounds of our convictions and feeling, yet they look upon our dispositions and our ways of action; and this gives us the fairest opportunity of showing forth the death of Jesus. Why should we conceal it? A disposition worthy a true Christian is rare upon earth,—I mean a character in which there reigns a horror

of all that is evil and dishonest, with a desire and a love for all the good works of a man of God, and where these are practiced not merely because they harmonize with our natural inclinations, or because some external advantage is to be gained by them, but because they flow from a pure source, free from any foreign impurity. Such a character, as soon as it is perceived, becomes an object of attention. For the greater part of its observers it remains an inexplicable riddle. But how seldom is the right solution given by him who is able to give it! A certain contempt of men and their opinions often leads us to refuse an answer to the question, of what kind of a spirit it is that prevails in us. A false modesty allows us to ascribe all to the account of education and example, and suffers the worth of integrity to be weakened in the eyes of men and its origin mistaken. A pride which many hold as noble is willing to owe everything to its own reasoning and guidance and the power of thought in duty. Far be it from us to esteem lightly the influence of such motives or to scorn them; but why should we be ashamed to give a higher cause, of whose first guidance we must, of necessity, be aware? What has educated our reason and our feeling for duty and the right? What is it that has curbed our passions? What has secured a permanent influence over our soul, so that we have learned to be pure and keep ourselves from the evil? Here we must gratefully do homage to the teaching of Jesus, with its sublime principles, its strong commands, its glorious consolations. If any one is not willing to own this nearest source of all that is good, of him I would ask, as once Christ asked: Show me the coin of your character and vour virtue; whose is its image, what its superscription? Whom does it picture? Is it not Jesus of Nazareth? What impression has it? Is it not the spirit of confidence in God, universal love, and self-vigilance? and did not Christ and his word first inspire these in you? Dear friend, doubt not whether it is right to show forth Christ as the author of this better esteem of yours among men. Give to him what is his.

Secondly. Something more is necessary to show forth the Lord's death. Many men give his teaching the honor that is due to it, but avoid showing forth his death: they are ashamed to acknowledge the power of the impressions which the contemplation of the suffering and dying Redeemer awakens in them. The death of Jesus is an event which, every Christian confesses, must have had a great purpose, important for all mankind. He confesses that to it must be ascribed the greatest of influences upon the salvation and happiness of the race of men. Should we, then, timidly conceal our faith? It is indeed true that every one forms to himself his own conceptions of the event, and that it is especially important that no one should impose his own interpretation of what the Scripture relates of it upon another as the necessary and only true explanation; but it contains much, the truth of which must enlighten any one, and this we should acknowledge without hesitation or reserve. Every one should confess that the death of Jesus *increases and confirms our faith,* because it shows us how great in Christ was the conviction of those holy truths that he sealed with his own death. Every one must allow that these are not merely the ordinary, fruitless tears of an excited sensibility, with which we weep for the sufferings of Christ; for we think of him as the seed of corn that was planted for us, and that must die, that by his death a full, rich harvest, blessed by God, might spring up, through which alone we, too, are rooted in the soil of the kingdom of God, to grow green and ripen there. We look upon him as the dying friend and teacher, whose last prayers are the more sacred to us, because, for our sakes, they were his last. We submit to his exhortations and precepts the more willingly, because he, himself, was subject to them, even to death upon the cross. His last sighs and words touch our hearts with no transient emotion, but excite us to a sacred vow of the truest obedience and the most earnest devotion. We allow that he is the one who taught us to examine and to feel our close relationship to God, and his death was the surest sign of the complete fulfilment of this teaching. He destroys in the most powerful way all doubts and scruples, all gloomy distrust, all timid withdrawal from God. This is important to all men; this let us acknowledge before the whole world.

II. This is what is meant by the apostle, when he invites us to show forth the death of Jesus. Let us now devote a few words to the consideration that this is our truest, and can be our only, expression of gratitude towards him. I shall dwell but little upon this, since I need only appeal to your own feelings.

Many men form a very erroneous conception of gratitude when they allow it to consist of a mere return of favors, and satisfy themselves by taking occasion to show it by performing a similar service to that they have received. But, in such empty restitution, the heart usually has no share; and most frequently at bottom there is to be found a

desire to get rid of the feeling of obligation, and even of thankfulness. Even if this were gratitude, we could scarcely express it towards Christ; for who can requite the Lord or render a service to Christ?

Others show gratitude in a better way, by their attentiveness and allegiance, by studying every motion of their benefactors and anticipating all their wishes. But this, even, is not gratitude itself, but only its expression, which, towards Jesus, could find no opportunity to utter itself. We can unselfishly direct all our actions to the benefit of other men, and prove our zeal for their welfare by constant pains; but how can we do this for Christ? Even if we follow his commands, if we do his will with all our strength, yet it is always our own welfare that we advance; and this were only an insecure and ambiguous proof of our gratitude. This consists not in outward acts. We can say and do much that flows not from the heart. But gratitude must exist within the soul.

Gratitude is a constant sensation of the benefit; a joyous acknowledgment, too, that our happiness has been dependent upon the kindly disposition of the benefactor; the inclination never to enjoy the happiness received without recalling its source. This, too, is gratitude to Christ, when we acknowledge him as the source of all that is good and holy in ourselves and that befalls us; when, at each fresh joy in the salvation that he has won for us, with praise and thanksgiving to God we recall him and his self-sacrificing love. Whatever is said or done outwardly can only be an expression of gratitude in so far as it is involuntary and an irrepressible outpouring of such a feeling. In this we should return to the simplicity of children if we would become such as are of the kingdom of heaven. How does a child express his gratitude? He bears his presents round to his friends and playfellows; he shows them how they are to be used and how he is amused by them: he is never so happy as in telling the names of those from whom they came, with love and a certain pride. How did many of those unfortunate ones behave whom Christ during his life freed from their earthly sufferings? They went about and showed forth everywhere how great things Jesus of Nazareth had done for them, and made the whole region full of his glory.

After such examples should the expression of our gratitude utter itself. With such impulse from the inmost heart, with such unartificial zeal, would we express ourselves, the greater the benefit is of which we have shared. Is there in our souls a living acknowledgment of it, an earnest feeling; then involuntarily will the mouth overflow with that of which the heart is full. Then of itself will it follow that we show forth the Lord's death among men, as the apostle says, in season and out of season, to the deaf and those who hear, in good report and evil report; to those who heed it and those who heed it not; to those who share in the source of our happiness and those who ask after it only from idle curiosity,—and this is a true, a natural, a worthy expression of our feeling of thankfulness.

THE STILL HOUR.

SHORT PRAYERS.

O thou who art rich in mercy, for the sake of thy great love wherewith thou hast loved us, make us alive in Christ.

O God, our Father, the Father of glory we pray thee to give us the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of thyself, that we may know the hope of thy calling, and the riches of thine inheritance, and the greatness of thy power, which thou hast wrought in Christ, when thou didst raise him from the dead and make him sit at thine own right hand in heavenly places.

We pray thee to raise us up also, and make us sit in heavenly places with him.

O thou, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, grant us to be strengthened with might by thy Spirit inwardly; that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith; that, being rooted and grounded in love, we may be able to understand the breadth and length, and depth and height, of the love of Christ, and be filled with all the fulness of God.

If some hand is quite still
That we have loved, and kept in ours until
It grew so cold;
If all it held hath fallen from its hold,
And it can do
No more, perhaps there are a few
Small threads that it held fast
Until the last,
That we can gather up and weave along
With patience strong.

In love,—If we can take
But some wee, single thread, for love's sweet sake,
And keep it beaten on the wheel
A trifle longer; feel

The same thread in our hands to add unto
and hold
Until our own grow cold,
We may take heart above the wheel and spin
With weak hands that begin
Where those left off, and going on
Grow strong.

If we bend close to see
Just what the threads may be
Which filled the quiet hands,
Perhaps some strands
So golden or so strong may lie there still,
That we our empty hands may fill
And even yet
Smile, though our eyes be wet.

—*George Klingle.*

Immortality and the resurrection begin here. We rise with Christ into a higher life with every right word, act, purpose, and affection. We sit with Christ Jesus now in heavenly places.

The heavens are opened, and we talk with the spirits of the just made perfect, and walk attended by the loved and lost; and, while dwelling in these tents, hear the music of the skies.

Therefore O human heart, continue to hope in the midst of all fear, all disappointment, all decay and change. Christ has risen! He does not lie in the grave: he is at the right hand of God.

Jesus makes the soul alive; therefore, he is the resurrection. He lifts us up now so that we are near God and dwelling in heavenly places, and this takes away all anxiety about the hereafter. Fullness of present life is the best argument against death.

If God has made of this, my dear human brother, a mirror to reflect the divine love and truth, shall I shut my eyes and deny this great revelation? Jesus says, "He who has seen me, has seen the Father!" That I can believe.

When I look at Jesus, I am brought into the presence of God. His faith in God is an inspiration to my faith. His perfect confidence in a loving, fatherly presence inspires me with a like confidence. He becomes the channel through which the heavenly love and truth of God descend into my soul. He is the mediator of the highest inspiration which has ever come to man. When I look at him, I look through him to God, his Father and mine. *James Freeman Clarke.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

The Cambridge Cheerful Letter Committee offers the following: Apply to Miss Helen Bayley, 319 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.: "Fifteen Decisive Battles," Creasy; "Gustavus Adolphus," Fletcher; "Henry of Navarre," Willert; "Charles XII.," Bain; "British Political Portraits," Justin McCarthy; "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life"; "The Appeal to Life," Munger; "Irish Melodies," Moore; "The Old Garden" (poems), Deland; "Poems," Shelley; "Life on the Mississippi," Mark Twain; "Lewis Rand," Johnston; "Julia France and her Times," Atherton; "Many Inventions," Jordan; "From Jest to Earnest," Roe; "Lazarre," Catherwood; "The Battleground," Glasgow; "A Galloway Herd," "Dark o' the Moon," Crockett; "Keren of Lowtole," Silberrad; "The King's Mirror," Hope; "Judith's Garden," Bassett.

Miss Grace H. Boothby, 68 Stanton Street, Dorchester, Mass., offers the following:—

School Books.

"Botany," Mrs. A. H. Lincoln; "Worcester's Complete Dictionary"; Allen's "Latin Grammar"; Allen's "Latin Lessons"; Harkness, "Latin Grammar"; Harkness, "Latin Reader"; Eaton's "Common School Arithmetic"; "Principles of Rhetoric."

1 Bible; "Sunderland's "What is the Bible?"; "A Peep at Holland," Nico Jungman; Tennyson's "Poems"; Longfellow's "Evangeline"; "Mexican Guide Book," Thomas A. Janvier; "Over the Ocean," Curtis Guild; "Journalism," Olin; "Phrenology," Olin; "Ventriloquism," Olin.

Fiction.

"Burglars in Paradise," E. S. Phelps; "Norman Holt," Gen. Charles King; "Main Travelled Road," Hamlin Garland; "Blindfolded," E. A. Walcott; "Plain Tales from the Hills," Kipling; "The Scottish Chiefs," Jane Porter; "Robert Elsmere," Mrs. Humphry Ward; "Running the Gauntlet,"

Edmund Yates; "The Circle," Katherine C. Thurston; "Quinnebasset Girls," Sophie May; "Sidney," Margaret Deland; "Comrades True," Annie Thomas; "The Eternal City," Hall Caine; "Open Sesame," E. Marryat; "Hard Times and Short Stories," Dickens; "Whither Thou Goest," J. J. Bell; "Elizabeth and her German Garden"; "The Car of Destiny," C. N. and A. M. Williamson; "The Black Curtain," Flora H. Loughead; "Members of the Family," Owen Wister.

Juvenile.

"Poor and Proud," "The Fortunes of Katy Redburn," Optic; "The Coming Wave," Optic; "Stories from my Attic," Horace Scudder; "Baby Elton, Quarterback," L. W. Quirk.

I would like to offer a set of text-books intended for teachers' helps, and some miscellaneous modern text-books for grade-work. There are one, two or three of a kind, suitable for individual or small-school use. Mrs. Margaret T. Johnson, 1156 Calumet Avenue, Calumet, Michigan.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass., offers "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," Ian Maclaren; "Jackanapes and other Tales," Juliana Ewing; "Through the Looking Glass," Lewis Carroll; "Cranford," Mrs. Gaskell; also a series of Peter Parley books. These are not tales, but useful information, and were published a good while ago, but might be useful in a school or in a library in a lonely place where there are few books. Among them are "Curiosities of Human Nature," "Customs of Indians," "Lives of Benefactors," "Customs of Nations," "African History," "American History," "European History," "A Glance at the Sciences," and others.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I wish to thank all who have been so kind in sending me reading for the last twelve months. The books and magazines have been a source of pleasure. I should like to have the following books: "Freckles" and "The Girl of the Limberlost," by G. S. Porter, or any of her books; also Myrtle Reed's books, and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," by Fox.

I have a little girl friend whose father died while she was quite young, and her mother is very frail and has no way of obtaining reading for the girl, who is fourteen years old and is attending the public school. She is a very bright, sensible girl, and will appreciate any good reading-book and magazines. Address, Viola Noell, Buena Vista, Virginia. Minister, Dr. Davis Bush, Buena Vista, Virginia. Anything the *Cheerful Letter* people can do for this girl will be appreciated by herself and mother. Mrs. J. L. Knight, Buena Vista, Virginia.

2. Miss Fanny Wertz, Asia, Floyd County, Virginia, living in a lonely mountain home in Virginia, thirty miles from a city, asks for "The Woman Thou Gavest Me."

3. I hope the dear friends who have sent me letters, cards, and reading, during the past year, will pardon me for not writing to each one, for my health was very poor all the forepart of last summer, and later I had to hurry more with my work, for it all got so behind. It was a job to get caught up.

I thank each one for what reading was sent, and will try and write to them all soon. It is forty-one years the second of this coming April since I was married, and I would be very grateful to the readers and members of the *Cheerful Letter* for remembrances on that day. We have never been able to have any gathering of friends to help us celebrate in all these years, and the children are all too far away to come home, for it is usually bad weather at that time. I hope to receive reading again this year, as it gets rather lonely for us alone so much, and husband's health is not so good since he was so badly hurt three years ago. Mrs. Mary E. Stevenson, Waupaca, Wisconsin.

4. I haven't written for some time. I want to thank all that have sent me reading. I certainly enjoy it. I would be so glad of some good story-books, "Dora Dean," "Struggle for a Ring," etc. Hope some one will be able to send them to me. I have been sick for a long time, and will be a shut-in for the rest of the winter. Shall be glad of any good reading, as it is very lonely.

Hope you can find some picture-books to send for my little niece. She is staying with us now. My only sister died the 21st of December, six years old; and I wish you could send mother something to cheer her up. (Miss) Katie E. Shepherd, (depot) Pearch, Virginia (Bedford County); railroad, C. & O.; Sandidges (post-office), Virginia.

5. Now I want to ask the *Cheerful Letter* friends to please remember me and my husband, who are all alone and spend many lonely hours. Our children are all become grown men and women, and away from home. My age is sixty-seven years. My husband is seventy-six. We would enjoy reading magazines or any books, also I would appreciate some scraps of calico or gingham. I enjoy piecing squares when I have pieces. My home is very lonely, indeed. Please cheer us in some way. Mrs. M. J. Lewis, R. F. D. No. 1, Barren Spring, Virginia.

6. A dictionary is very much needed by George Price, Lenoir, North Carolina.

7. It has been a long time since I wrote to the *Cheerful Letter*, and I wish to thank all who have sent me reading, as I enjoyed every line of it. We have moved to a new place, and I will be glad to get good reading for myself, and also letters from the kind people will be lots of company to me. My address is changed from Spencer to Sandy Ridge, North Carolina. I hope to get the dear *Cheerful Letter*, as I do miss it. With love and thanks to all of my friends. Mrs. Kate Merrit, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina.

8. Rev. E. E. Pressly, 411 Front Street, Statesville, North Carolina, asks for reading to give the cotton-mill people: he will be very glad to get any papers, magazines, or books, as his supply is short. Our readers will remember that Mr. Pressly is a retired minister, who drives into the country, and gives the reading where it is so much needed. Let us be generous.

9. Any kind of popular music is asked for by Charlotte E. Wolf, 1331 Bourbonnais Street, Kankakee, Illinois.

10. I want to ask the *Cheerful Letter* for some reading matter, and an ancient history of the world, Latin book, or any kind of book that would help a high-school girl in her work. I would appreciate "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "Last Days of Pompeii," "The Shepherd of the Hills," and any of Sir Walter Scott's works. Helen Lyon, Tarboro, North Carolina.

11. Master John E. Craig, Shuff, Virginia, a lad of nine years, living back in the mountains, in poor health, will be glad of toys, post-cards, or anything to amuse him: he has no one to play with.

12. Dr. Walter E. Fernald, Massachusetts School for Feeble-minded, Waverley, Mass., will greatly appreciate any assistance we may give him in the line of magazines and pictures suitable for the children.

13. Mrs. J. B. Triplet, Peggs, Oklahoma, will be glad of good reading.

14. Miss Myrta Eshbaugh, Tionesta, Pennsylvania, will be grateful for reading to help brighten the lonely, painful days. Would especially like the *Youth's Companion*, *Woman's Home Companion*, or *Delineator* for 1913.

15. I have just received a number of *The Cheerful Letter*, and I do like it so much that I thought I would write. My home is far out in the country, and I have a large family, and I seldom go anywhere. I love dearly to read, but do not take any books, papers, or magazines. I have received some reading from the *Cheerful Letter* friends, and am very thankful for the same. They are certainly a blessing to one here in this lonely place, who is too poor to buy. Will some of you good people please send me some reading for myself and children? Thanking you in advance for any reading sent, hoping to hear from you soon, Mrs. Mamie Johnson, Spencer, Virginia, R. F. D. 3.

16. I will so much appreciate any good reading matter, and I also would be glad of a correspondent. I and my husband moved from Grimes, Alabama, here last winter. I am a far distance from my parents. Mrs. Lillian C. Ingold, Ansonville, North Carolina.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Sherman Carr, to Blackfolds, Alberta, Canada.

Mr. W. M. Burge, to 825 Mt. Hope Road, Price Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

(August and Elvie are two boys taking a journey together on horseback. August, the elder, has charge of Elvie, the younger. Elvie has just bought a squirrel, and the question is, how to get it safely back to New York with them. Elvie thought he would carry it with him on horseback.)

Now many persons situated as August was would have strongly discouraged Elvie from the attempt to carry his squirrel in this way, being fully convinced that it would not

be possible for him to carry it far. But it was a principle with August to allow any boy that was under his charge to try his own experiments, provided that there was no positive harm which could result from them. And I advise all the readers of this book who may ever be intrusted with a similar charge, to adopt the same policy. If August had positively forbidden Elvie to carry his squirrel, he would have caused him quite a severe disappointment, and Elvie might have thought him very unreasonable. If he had only attempted to persuade him not to carry him, Elvie would not have been satisfied with his reasons, and the conversation would have turned into a vain argument, which would have led to nothing satisfactory on either side.

August did not in such cases adopt either of these plans. Still less did he fall into the method which many people take with a child when he wishes to do some foolish, though harmless, thing by saying, "Well, you may do it if you please, but I tell you beforehand that it won't succeed, and I advise you not to try"; and then afterward, when the difficulties begin to press upon them, try to increase or exaggerate the pressure, and say, "I told you just how it would be, but you would not take my advice, and so you see."

All three of these methods of dealing with the impracticable, though harmless, undertakings of children are bad,—but the last way is the worst of all.

August knew perfectly well that Elvie would not carry his squirrel far. But he also knew that it could do no serious harm to have him carry it as far as he could, or rather as far as he should feel inclined to carry it; and that it would, on the other hand, do good, by occupying his thoughts, and giving him some experience in the management of difficulties. He had no doubt that he could easily find some way of disposing of the burden as soon as Elvie should become tired of carrying it.—*Jacob Abbott.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE MAYFLOWER.

Mayflower, or *Epigæa repens*, is collected in inordinate quantities for sale, and has been practically exterminated in some sections. It seems the only way this can be checked is through public sentiment in the matter of purchasing, by posting prohibition notices on land where it is collected, or by special legislation.

After the axe and the plough, the worst enemy of our native plants is the commercial collector. He may collect the flowers, fruits, foliage, or the whole plant; and, in view of the fact that every one gathered means just so much more money, it is natural that most serious inroads are made by this means. It is only when plants are sufficiently reduced in a given locality as to be too rare to pay for collecting, that the commercial collector is likely to stop of his own initiative.

Plants are unquestionably much reduced in number by the thoughtless picking in unreasonable quantities, and the too often unnecessary pulling up by the roots when the upper part, or flower, is really the only portion desired. Frequently the interest seems to be to gather as many as possible, and the fact of rarity or exceptional beauty may act as a spur to induce the gathering of all that can be found. With children it is particularly common to feel that the result of a successful gathering of wild flowers is to be measured by the quantity. Do not prevent the picking of flowers, for it is a perfectly natural and reasonable desire; simply urge moderation and regard for the rights of the plants to live, and for the future enjoyment of others.

From the purchase of the rarer flowers, especially of the Purple-fringed Orchid, Sabbatia, Fringed Gentian, or *Mayflower*, we urge every one to abstain. . . . Those who buy, and so induce the gathering and selling, are the most dangerous enemies of all rare salable flowers.

Suppose, when we wanted lilacs, we first chopped the tree down, and then cut off the bunches of flowers: who would do that? and yet that is the way the Mayflower is treated. It is not of annual growth, like the garden moneywort, for instance, which is of similar prostrate habit: it is a shrub, though not an upright one. It trails, and those who pull it up by the yard do the same as if they cut down a slender bush a yard or more in height. Just look, without pulling it up, at the stalk, and its woody structure and rough bark will prove its character.

The right way to pick the Mayflower is to do it where it grows; *cut* the clusters, one by one, with scissors, without disturbing the slender fibres that root amongst the dead leaves with the twofold office of feeding the plant and holding it to the ground. The wrong way is to pull up the growth of years, carry it home, cut it up, and then throw away as refuse much more than is kept.

The pretty name of Mayflower is not so popular, after all, as that of Trailing-Arbutus, where the graceful and appropriate adjective redeems the substantive, which happens to be Latin and incorrect at once.

"I wandered lonely where the pine-trees made
Against the bitter East their barricade,
And, guided by its sweet
Perfume, I found, within a narrow dell,
The trailing spring flower tinted like a shell
Amid dry leaves and mosses at my feet.

From under dead boughs, for whose loss the pines
Moaned ceaseless overhead, the blossoming vines
Lifted their glad surprise,
While yet the bluebird smoothed in leafless trees
His feathers ruffled by the chill sea-breeze,
And snow-drifts lingered under April skies."

For leaflets of the Society for Protection of Native Plants apply to Miss Maria E. Carter, Boston Society of Natural History, Boston, Mass.

BIOGRAPHY.

MARY SOMERVILLE.

Mrs. Mary Somerville wrote four books which placed her in the first rank among scientists. They were entitled: "The Mechanism of the Heavens," 1831; "The Connection of the Physical Sciences," 9th edition published in 1858; "Physical Geography," 6th edition published in 1870; Molecular and Microscopic Science," 1869. In health of body and vigor of mind, she lived to the age of ninety-two. She died in sleep on the morning of the 29th of November, 1872. Her remains rest in the English Campo Santo of Naples.

Her daughter, Martha Somerville, has published her "Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville, with selections from her Correspondence." From the latter I will quote the words of Mary Somerville, taken here and there. Her father, Admiral Sir William Fairfax, was a connection of George Washington's mother. Of him she says:—

My father was very good-looking, of a brave and noble nature, and a perfect gentleman both in appearance and character. He was sent to sea as a midshipman at ten years of age, so he had very little education; but he read a great deal, chiefly history and voyages. He was very cool, and of instant resource in moments of danger. My mother was the daughter of Samuel Charters, Solicitor of the Customs for Scotland. In 1780 my father was appointed lieutenant on board a frigate destined for foreign service. As my mother knew that my father would be absent for some years, she accompanied him to London, though so near her confinement that, in returning home, she had just time to arrive at the manse of Jedburgh, her sister Martha Somerville's house, where I was born on the 26th of December, 1780, in the house of my future husband. When I was between eight and nine years old my father came home from sea. He was shocked to find me such a savage. He said to my mother, "This kind of life will never do; Mary must at least know how to write and keep accounts." So at ten, I was sent to a boarding-school, kept by a Miss Primrose, at Musselburgh, where I was utterly wretched for nearly two years. A few days after my arrival, although perfectly straight and well made, I was enclosed in stiff stays with a steel busk in front, while, above my frock, bands drew my shoulders back till the shoulder-blades met. Then a steel rod, with a semicircle which went under the chin, was clasped to the steel busk in my stays. In this constrained state I and most of the younger girls had to prepare our lessons. The method of teaching was extremely tedious and inefficient. The girls were very kind, and often bathed my eyes to prevent our stern mistress from seeing that I was perpetually in tears. After my return home, I was like a wild animal escaped out of a cage, collecting shells, eggs, flowers, and questions. My mother did not prevent me from reading Shakespeare at every moment I could spare from my domestic duties, in bad weather. But my Aunt Janet said to my mother, "I wonder you let Mary waste her time in reading, she never sews more than if she were a man." Whereupon I was sent to the village school to learn plain needlework, and to practice with a pastry-cook. We had two small globes, and my mother allowed me to learn the use of them from Mr. Reed, the village schoolmaster, who came to teach me for a few weeks in the winter evenings. I spent many hours, studying the stars by the aid of the celestial globe. When I was about thirteen, my mother took a small apartment in Edinburgh for the winter, and I was sent to a writing school, where I soon learned to write a good hand, and studied the common rules of arithmetic. My uncle, William Henry Charters, lately returned from India, gave me a pianoforte, and I had music lessons from an old lady who lived in the top story of one of the highest houses in the old town. On returning to Burnt Island, I spent four or five hours daily at the piano; and, for the sake of having something to do, I taught myself Latin enough, from such books as we had, to read Cæsar's "Commentaries." I went that summer on a visit to my aunt at Jedburgh, and for the first time in my life, I met in my uncle, Dr. Somerville, a

friend who approved of my thirst for knowledge. He read Virgil with me an hour or two every morning before breakfast. I never was happier in my life than during the months I spent at Jedburgh.

Nasmyth, an exceedingly good landscape painter, had opened an academy for ladies in Edinburgh: my mother very willingly allowed me to attend it. At this time I gladly took part in any gaiety that was going on, and spent the day after a ball in idleness and gossiping with my friends; but these were rare occasions, for the balls were not numerous, and I never lost sight of the main object of my life, which was to prosecute my studies. So I painted at Nasmyth's, played the usual number of hours on the piano, worked and conversed with my mother in the evening; and, as a maid took away my candle as soon as I was in bed, I rose at daybreak, and after dressing, I wrapped myself in a blanket from my bed, on account of the excessive cold, having no fire at that hour, and read algebra, geometry, or the classics till breakfast time. My father came home for a short time and, somehow or other, finding out what I was about, said to my mother, "Peg, we must put a stop to this or we shall have Mary in a strait-jacket one of these days. There was X, who went raving mad about the longitude."

My cousin, Samuel Greig, commissioner of the Russian navy and Russian consul for Britain, came to pay us a visit, and ultimately became my husband. In London I was alone the whole of the day, so I continued my mathematical and other pursuits, but under great disadvantages; for, although my husband did not prevent me from studying, I met with no sympathy whatever from him, as he had a very low opinion of the capacity of my sex, and had neither knowledge of nor interest in science of any kind. I took lessons in French, and learned to speak it so as to be understood. There was no Italian opera in Edinburgh. The first time I went to one was in London, as chaperon to Countess Catherine Woronzow, afterward Countess of Pembroke, who was godmother to my oldest son.

Three years later I was much out of health, after my husband's death, and chiefly occupied with my two little boys; but, as I did not go into society, I rose early, and, having plenty of time, I resumed my mathematical studies. I became acquainted with Mr. Wallace, who was, if I am not mistaken, mathematical teacher of the military college at Marlow, and editor of a mathematical journal published there. I had solved some of the problems contained in it, and sent them to him, which led to a correspondence, as Mr. Wallace sent me his own solutions in return. Mine were sometimes right and sometimes wrong, and it occasionally happened that we solved the same problem by different methods. At last I succeeded in solving a prize problem, and I was awarded a silver medal, cast on purpose, with my name, which pleased me exceedingly. Mr. Wallace was elected Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, and was very kind to me. When I told him that I earnestly desired to go through a regular course of mathematical and astronomical science, even including the highest branches, he gave me a list of the requisite books, which were in French. I was thirty-three years of age when I bought this excellent little library. I could hardly believe that I had such a treasure when I looked back on the day that I first saw the mysterious word "algebra," and the long course of years in which I had persevered almost without hope. It taught me never to despair. I had now the means, and pursued my studies with increased assiduity. Concealment was no longer possible, nor was it attempted. I was considered eccentric and foolish, and my conduct was highly disapproved of by many, especially by some members of my own family, who expected me to entertain and keep a gay house for them, and in that they were disappointed. A great part of the day I was occupied with my children. In the evening I worked, played piquet with my father, or played on the piano, sometimes with violin accompaniment.

This was the most brilliant period of the Edinburgh *Review*. It was planned and conducted with consummate ability by a small society of men of the most liberal principles. I then met Henry Brougham, the Rev. Sydney Smith, and Prof. Playfair. In 1812 my marriage with my cousin, William Somerville, put an end to scientific pursuits for a time. My husband had been in Africa, Canada, and Sicily, was extremely handsome, had gentlemanly manners, spoke good English, and was emancipated from Scotch prejudices.

I forgot to mention that during my widowhood I had several offers of marriage. As my husband was appointed head of the Army Medical Department in Scotland, we settled in Edinburgh. At his suggestion I read Homer for an hour every morning before breakfast with his secretary, and later I devoted a morning hour to botany. We took up the study of mineralogy together, and began to form a cabinet.

My father-in-law, Dr. Somerville, and Sir W. Scott had been intimate friends through

life. I shall never forget the charm of the supper parties at Abbotsford.

In 1816 Dr. Somerville was appointed a member of the Army Medical Board, and removed to London. When MM. Arago and Biot came to England, the Somervilles were invited to meet them often, and were kindly received by them in Paris, and invited to dine with M. de la Place and other philosophers. Mrs. Somerville expected a very grave and learned conversation, but every one talked in a gay, animated, and loud key, with all the vivacity of Frenchmen.

March 27, 1827, Lord Brougham wrote to Dr. Somerville, asking Mrs. Somerville to write an account of the "Mécanique Céleste" of M. de la Place. This is the beginning of her career. Her book, the "Mechanism of the Heavens," was introduced into the course of studies at Cambridge. The author was elected an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society, of the Royal Academy at Dublin, of the Bristol Philosophical Institution, and of the corresponding society at Geneva. Sir Robert Peel wrote that the king had granted her a pension of £200, which Lord John Russell increased £300, as their fortune was lost at this time through the treachery of persons whom they had trusted.

The second edition of the "Physical Sciences" was dedicated to her dear friend, Sir John Herschel; and letters thanking her for copies were received from Maria Edgeworth, Joanna Baillie, Miss Berry, and other friends. After residing on the continent a number of years, she was preparing to print her "Physical Geography" when "Cosmos" appeared. She at once determined to put her manuscript in the fire, but followed her husband's advice to consult friends, who advised her to publish it. On receiving a copy, Baron Humboldt wrote her a very kind letter. The remaining years were filled with interesting friendships and courteous recognition of her work. At eighty-one she resolved to write anew the section on chemistry in the "Physical Sciences," but her daughters said, "Why not write a new book?" So "Molecular and Microscopic Science" was published when she was eighty-nine. It ends with these words: "The Eozoön is the most ancient form of life known, and was probably an inhabitant of the primeval ocean. Patches of carbonaceous matter imbedded in the same strata show that vegetation had already begun, so at that most remote period of the earth's existence, the vivifying influence of the sun, the constitution and motions of the atmosphere and ocean, and the vicissitudes of day and night, of life and death, were the same as at the present time."—*Josephine E. Davis.*

SUGGESTIONS FOR INVALIDS.

Having had considerable experience with invalidism and semi-invalidism, I have felt that the results of what I have passed through might help others to bear the confinement; and, if it does, I shall feel the years have been less profitless than they seem to me.

It is the greatest comfort if we can read a few helpful words or poems or a pleasant novel, and if we can see people. What help can come from an "understanding" friend or doctor! Unfortunately, convalescence is the time when the doctor's visits are few and "understanding" friends', fewer. When we are in a more serious state, the friends often come, and send notes and flowers; and, now that we are really better, they again engross themselves in their own pursuits, or do not understand why we are discouraged, when really so much better. This is the time when we need all our courage and will to keep on trying to do a little more each day,—and see the gain only by the week or month rather than by the day. Then we are often too tired to enjoy the little diversions which meant so much when we were weak.

The following suggestions for diverting one's mind and finding some pleasures even when on one's back, are not very helpful when one is really convalescing. They are really for those who are confined to their rooms—and specially for those who cannot use their eyes.

I think that perhaps the hardest, yet most helpful lesson is to keep up interest in some one or something, or the events going on in one's world or the world around us. Because one's own existence is rather blotted out, life itself goes on as usual. Try to be read to a little, if possible,—even a child's story, if one is very weak, or the books we used to love to look at as children; and, if fortunate enough to remember poetry and the helpful old hymns, one can repeat or sing them to one's self, and they are wonderfully soothing.

If you feel equal to it, let some one give you a few letters written on bits of paper or cardboard, and try to make the word they stand for. Begin with four- or five-letter words, and each day try harder ones.

Then, if one can have a pet in the room, a clean cat or kitten is often a far more restful companion than a person, and often very amusing.

A pet canary can be let out and taught to eat from your hand or to do little tricks. I once taught one to jump through rings made of whalebones, or to climb little stairs made by laying ordinary window screens on top of each other, each a little farther back then the other to form stairs.

Try cutting out pictures from the papers and pasting them in a scrap-book. These can be sent to hospitals or sanatoriums later, or given to children. Or they can be pasted on colored cloth, and bound around with wire, and hung on electric lights as eye-shades.

You can cut out figures from the fashion-books, color with water-colors, and use for dresses for paper dolls, which, later, children will be delighted to receive as playthings.

If you have a bed tray, or can rest a breakfast tray in your lap, there are many games of solitaire one can play.

If you care for flowers, and it is summer, see how many different wild flowers your friends can bring you in, and try to write down the names. In one summer my friends brought me a hundred. Many wayside weeds are often passed unnoticed. You can make fancy boxes by pasting or sewing silk or cotton over pasteboard boxes taken apart and then put together. If you cannot use your eyes, you can still write. Take a slate frame and put wires across it for lines, lay on paper, and write without looking on.

Sometimes a mirror can be hung at the window, arranged in such a way that one can see the passing, or the beauties of the landscape, even when on one's back.

Try window gardening. Many seeds will grow in the house in old butter-boxes, or run on little trellises,—scarlet runner, nasturtiums, perhaps even morning-glories. Tie a piece of cheap openwork lace over a glass of water with a little charcoal in the water. Put whole peas, white and black beans, on it. Soon the roots will sprout and go down through the lace, and the little green sprouts run up. Although they do not last very long, every day they do grow; it means variety and change. So, you see, even in bed there *are* things one can see and do, and one need not lie and think of one's self all day.

If it is near Christmas, make Christmas cards by pasting figures on a card, or, on Valentine's Day, surprise some little friend with a home-made valentine.

If you can sit up, much pleasure and help to others can come from crocheting and knitting, or braiding rugs. You can then dress dolls. Buy clay modeline, such as is used by school children, and see what you can do in copying vegetables, flowers, and animals around you. Then, later, there are picture puzzles to be put together.

Try making friends of the birds if you can sit at the window. Put a little tub of water out of the way of cats, or put crumbs on the roof or window-ledges, and see how the same birds come each day, and how individual they are. Run a wire to a neighbor's window, and send a little basket over it to a little child, with a note or surprise.

I do not want to weary my readers by too many suggestions, but all of these I have myself tried to help shorten the long hours, and nearly all of these are within every one's reach.

Remember that, if health and strength come again, how glad you will be to know the days spent in invalidism have not been all without some pleasure to yourself or help to others; and strength will seem the more wonderful if it comes to you again—after the long weeks or years of waiting.—*A. B. C.*

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

The editor feels that she owes an apology to the readers of the *Cheerful Letter* for not giving the name of the writer of the sermon this month. It was copied by a temporary helper some time ago, who omitted to add the name. The editor looked for the sermon in vain after sending the copy to the printer, but has failed to find it. She attributed it in her mind to Edmund Hamilton Sears, but it is not in his volume "Sermon and Songs," and she has looked through volumes of other sermons in vain, also.

We print in this number a letter addressed to invalids, by a reader of the *Cheerful Letter*. We should be glad to receive other communications of this sort and also for the Mothers' Council, which lately have not come in frequently.

COMMUNION WITH THE DEPARTED.

Then comes a further inference,—an inference of faith in the love of God. If they are alive, they will be certain to wish to be near us, to speak to us in their manner, to help us, to comfort us, to be with us always, even to the end of the world. And whether they can or not will depend on the will of our Father and their Father. Will it be good for them, good for us, good for the whole, that their living spirit should be with ours,—that is the question; and we may be

sure that God loves love, and will be kind to love, and will support natural ties. A father on earth would not keep his children apart. Nor will the Father in heaven keep those who love one another apart, except for such reasons as our love itself would accept with gladness. I believe, then, that the dead are in constant communion with us, that in hours of trouble and of joy, of difficulty and crisis, of silent prayer and praise, their soul is touching ours, their influence pervades our being. A thousand thoughts we think uncaused are caused by them; a thousand tears are dried by impulses that they give; a thousand happy hours in lonely nature and in the quiet night are made for us by them. Their love and their power are always with us.

Such a belief, firmly rooted, should have an immense and vital influence over daily life. The presence of the beloved and honored dead—unseen, unheard, but actual; heart touching heart; conscience, conscience; intellect, intellect; spirit, spirit,—what a guard, what a warning, what an impulse, what a comfort, what a secret pleasure! How deep, in such a conviction, grows our personal love of those who are in the world to come,—a love the very conditions of which free it from the possibility of selfishness! How strongly, then, noble personality is educated in us; how vital is the persuasion of our immortality; how noble our conception of its kind! Then, as we feel the living presence of the dead, and realize their life with us, we realize also the mighty world of living souls beyond this earth, and see in vision that vast and glorious society into which we shall soon enter with rejoicing. We look forward to a quick and exciting world, full of interest, full of endless communion with all the noble dead.

Such is the communion with the dead; and we need no "spiritualism," nor its halting supernaturalism, to convince us of it. All those signs and wonders lower the note of noble faith, and end by weakening faith altogether. Rest on the truth that God is Love and Life; that all the dead are alive in Him; and that He will act, in the matter of their communion with us, as a loving father would act on earth. Every material manifestation is outside this spiritual interpretation. "Their living soul is flashed on mine." This is enough, and more than enough. It stands to reason, however, that this communion is subject to law, that is, to the idea which a God of righteousness and love has concerning its exercise. We know not what that law may be, but it is a reasonable conjecture that the power the dead have of communion with us should be given to them in proportion to their holiness and their love, that is, in proportion to their power for noble and spiritual use to those on earth. The holiest can best kindle into holiness, assist in temptation, strengthen in hours of battle. The most loving can comfort best, can best support the weak, deliver the captives of self, bind up the broken-hearted. In that high world, then, as in this, there are those whose business is more with us than others, whose power and presence are with a greater number of the sons of men than those of others are. Those likest the Father in character are nearest to the children of the Father upon earth.—*Rev. Stopford Brooke.*

I SAY TO ALL MEN FAR AND NEAR.

I say to all men, far and near,
That He is risen again;
That He is with us, now and here,
And ever shall remain.

And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,—
That soon in every place shall dawn
His kingdom without end.

Now first to souls who thus awake
Seems earth a Fatherland;
A new and endless life they take
With rapture from His hand.

The fears of death and of the grave
Are whelmed beneath the sea;
And every heart, now light and brave,
May face the things to be.

The way of darkness that he trod
To heaven at last shall come;
And he who hearkens to His word
Shall reach his Father's home.

Now let the mourner grieve no more,
Though his belovèd sleep;
A happier meeting shall restore
Their light to eyes that weep.

Now every heart each noble deed
With new resolve may dare;
A glorious harvest shall the seed
In happier regions bear.

He lives: His presence hath not ceased,
Though foes and fears be rife;
And thus we hail, in Easter's feast,
A world renewed to life!

—*Friedrich von Hardenberg* (*Novalis*).

HOW TO TEACH GOD AND IMMORTALITY.

To teach the children in our public schools about God, tell them of the wonders revealed by the microscope and telescope.

Carry their thoughts to the stars that move in grand procession across the evening sky, and ask who guides them in their great circles through space without limit and time without end; tell them of the goodness displayed in flowers that bloom and birds that sing.

Show them the wonderful plan that runs through the whole universe, from the constellations to the animalcule, and ask who was the planner?

Show them what this wonderful human intellect of ours has done: how it has created the world's libraries and machine-shops, steamers that plough the ocean, astronomical instruments that measure heavenly bodies, grand cathedrals, paintings of Raphael and Michael Angelo, music of Mozart and Beethoven; and ask who made that intellect?

How about immortality?

Suppose you tell them that the greatest scientist we ever had on this continent, Agassiz, believed not only in the immortality of man, but also in some form of future life even for the lower intelligences; that the sacred books and religious beliefs and recorded spiritual experiences of nearly all nations and ages teach it; and that, if all these were wanting, the common sense of mankind would teach that the Power that sustains the universe would not permit the holy saint, martyr, mother, to only share with pirates and murderers a common annihilation.—*From Autobiographical Sketches of George T. Angell.*

"The age of chivalry is never past so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, or a man or woman left to say, 'I will redress that wrong, or spend my life in the attempt.'"—*Charles Kingsley.*

When Christ went up to God, he did not go away from man. He is still the great power in human history, the great motor in human progress. He is still "the Word made Flesh, dwelling among us."

The gift of Jesus to mankind has been his faith in the never-failing presence of an Infinite Love. He, first of all human beings, rose to this perfect and unfailing confidence, and has inspired the human race with this divine influence.

The whole Christian world has a more living sense of the nearness of God, of his providence, of his love, than it would have had but for the profound faith of Jesus. A sense of the fatherly love of God has become a part of your instinctive faith and mine.

IMPORTANT DATES REGARDING THE BIBLE.

1525.—Tyndale's New Testament printed at Cologne and Worms.
1526–29.—Tyndale's New Testaments burned at St. Paul's in London.
1528.—Latin Bible of Pagninus.
1529.—Zürich Bible completed.
1530.—Tyndale printed his translation of the Pentateuch.
1534–35.—Sebastian Muenster's Latin Version of the Old Testament.
Tyndale's revision of his Pentateuch and New Testament.
1535.—Olibetan's French Bible.
Coverdale's Bible reaches England.
1536.—Tyndale strangled and burned at Vilvorde Castle, October 6.
1537.—Coverdale's Bible licensed by royal authority.
John Rogers's "Matthew" Bible distributed by authority of Henry VIII.
1539.—"The Great Bible," edited by Coverdale, authorized by Cromwell.
Taverner's Bible.
1540.—The Great Bible issued with Cranmer's Preface.
1543.—Royal restrictions on public and private reading of the Bible.
1545–46.—Council of Trent, establishing Roman Catholic Canon of the Bible.
1546.—Wholesale destruction of Bibles.
1551.—Castalio's Latin Bible.
Stephanus's Greek New Testament.
1553–58.—Persecution and martyrdom of Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, John Rogers, and hundreds of others.
1557.—Geneva New Testament, by Whittingham.
1560.—Genevan Version of the Bible.
1568.—The Bishops' Bible.
1579.—The Latin Old Testament by Tremellius.
1582.—The Reims New Testament.
1609–10.—The Douai Old Testament.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

(Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.)

I.

BEHEADMENTS AND CURTAILMENTS.

Behead and curtail eleven five-letter words, leaving three-letter words, the middle letters of which in their order will spell the name of a holiday.

1. To skip; a silly mimic. 2. A leaf of grass; a youth. 3. The plate used for bread at the Eucharist; preterite of eat. 4. A deciduous, coniferous tree; a portion of a curved line. 5. To dwell; to invite. 6. A surgical instrument for examining a wound; to steal. 7. To provide food; preterite of eat. 8. The lowest part in music; a quadruped of the horse kind. 9. A volume of statues; a short song. 10. A table to put food upon; an implement for propelling a boat. 11. One to whom money is paid; yes.

II.

DICKENS CHARACTERS.

In what books by Charles Dickens do the following characters appear?

1. Mr. Akerman.
2. Mrs. Bayham Badger.
3. Mr. James Carker.
4. Lady Honoria Dedlock.
5. General Fladdock.
6. Mrs. Joe Gargery.

III.

A FLORAL COLLOQUY.

(*4 o'clock A.M.*)

"Wake, Robin," she said with her two lips so red,
"This fair morning glory to see!
The Birds are astir in each maple and fir,—
Wake, Robin, and ramble with me!

Let us toss care away, let us frolic and play
Where the cowslip and primrose abound!
Sweet Basil is there, and sweet William so fair,
And Jill is all over the ground."

"Nay, rush me not, please, my little hearts-ease,
To break up my slumbers be slow.
You may think yourself sage for a maid of your age;
But I am the elder, you know."

Then her daisy-like face lost its roses and grace,
And became like the snowdrop in hue;
But for true London pride she must surely have cried,
As she said, "Sir, this conduct you'll rue!

"All a lady's delight you can poison and blight."
And a sigh pressed her bosom so keen.
"I could wish to have died, ere a poor, mourning bride,
Or your bachelor's buttons I'd seen!"

He could read in her eye 'twas no time for reply;
Yet his honesty forced a retort,
"Black-eyed Susan [a niece] would insure me sweet peace,
And for else 'twere in vain to care aught."

Then, as if for a nap, he replaced his skull-cap,
When for pardon she suddenly begs;
Then he kissed cheeks so fair and her soft maiden hair,
And they feasted on butter and eggs.

(*Find the names of forty plants in above.*)

—*Every Other Sunday.*

IV.

HEROES AND HEROINES.

In what books do they appear?

1. Bob Acres.
2. Lucy Ashton.
3. Christian.
4. Lorna Doone.
5. Dick Heldar.
6. Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy Marsh.

Answers to puzzles in the March number.

I. ENIGMA.—Edward Everett Hale.

II. SUGGESTIONS.—1. Balaam. 2. Richard Cœur de Lion. 3. Saladin, in The Talisman. 4. Ivanhoe as Il Desdechado. 5. General Custer.

III. TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Blood-root. 2. Anemone. 3. Violet. 4. Bluets. 5. Liverwort. 6. Yarrow. 7. Pipsissewa. 8. Butter and Eggs.

IV. QUESTIONS IN HISTORY.—1. Robert Bruce. 2. Sir Francis Drake. 3. Rodrigo Diaz, called "The Cid."

V. CHARADE.—Canton.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

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